

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

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UNITY

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VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, AUGUST 6, 1887.

[NUMBER 23.]

EDITORIAL.

THE new church at Hinsdale, near Chicago, has asked W. C. Gannett to be its minister, and he has accepted the call. Happy church! happy minister! Indeed, how could either be said to be happy unless both were? This church is a bright, earnest movement in a delightful suburb. The leaders are Unitarians from Chicago, who wish thus to have their church make a home where they do. Mr. Gannett takes up the work unhindered by any fixed customs. Pastor and people will work out their aims together.

A PETITION, signed by seventy-four women graduates of the University of London, in favor of the extension of the Parliamentary franchise to women, has been sent to Sir J. Lubbock, M. P., for presentation in the House of Commons. That a woman has as much right to a vote *per se* as a man seems plain. That there are difficulties and dangers in all voting is equally plain. That certain peculiar dangers threaten the extension of suffrage to women is also equally plain. Hence we are glad of all signs that carefully educated minds are studying the subject.

As to the Jury System, it needs careful attention and study. That something should be done either with it or about it, is, if not plain, at least urgently suggested by many facts. On the one hand is the opinion which we have stated in another note. On the other hand, a paper, speaking of the melancholy trial and conviction of Jacob Sharp, in New York, says of the jury: "On an absolutely secret ballot they stood twelve for conviction at once. Not one of them hesitated, although the seeming flaw in the evidence had been urged upon their attention. And the fact inspires the public with a fresh confidence in the jury system. In fact, juries have done fairly well in this country of late." There are inherent difficulties and dangers in any system of criminal judgment, and it is probable that these lie in the same weaknesses of human nature that make the criminals; nevertheless one way may be more just and less dangerous than another. The subject is one that needs attention.

The subject of Federal aid to education is one of the questions of the hour. Our creed is very simple, namely, that, as we once heard a generous merchant say, "the money of the country must educate the children of the country"—and we care not at all whose the money is or where it is, or whose the children are or where they are. On this point *The American* has the following, which we think wise and right:

"The reservation to the states of the local functions which give each state a distinct and firm entity is consented to, on all hands. There is no American who is worth attention who desires to make such a nation as France, with the life of everything centered at Paris. Nor does any wise person wish to take from the states any function whose exercise in one way or the other, well or ill, concerns alone the people who reside in each one of them. The aggregate of the national functions is so great, and the importance of each so enormous, that it would be the height of folly to bring to Washington anything that can be safely and justly left at Harrisburg or Dover. But is education one of this class? What does more concern the nation? What more seriously imperils the people of Pennsylvania than the ignorance of the people in other states? The function of the "common defense" of the people we may take as the most natural and most unquestionable of those assigned to the nation, but it would be

hard to prove that the preservation of the common intelligence of the people was any less important. If a foreign enemy may come in through Maine or California, and must be repelled by the arm of the general government, is it any less a matter of concern when ignorance and consequent menace to republican institutions invade us by way of Florida or Louisiana?"

"THE July *Westminster Review* contains an article on 'American Education.' The system is very thoroughly discussed, and its faults and virtues weighed. In the course of it note is taken of the alleged 'godlessness' of American schools, and in discussing this matter the writer makes the statement 'that the popular religion, though seldom openly attacked, is gradually, by the simple force of enlightenment, sinking into the position of a tolerated form of charlatanry, alongside the once respectable alchemy and astrology.'" This is worthy of note; though we should not call it "godlessness," but rather Immanuel, that is to say, the God-with-us of pure, simple and noble ideas of religion. Of course the common theology must fall into disrepute before growing science and education—OF COURSE! But a nobler religion takes its place. Apropos of this is the following from a correspondent: "Would it not be well, in presence of the astonishing controversy between Andover and the American Board, to make it plain that the basis of all Christian dogma is the belief that the Maker of mankind has, from the making of the first man, doomed the vast majority of His creatures to never ending torment; a thing absolutely incredible to any sane man who has not had it instilled into him from babyhood."

The Best of Everything, published by D. R. Goudie, 163 Washington Street, Chicago, having changed its dress and appearing now in regular newspaper form, issues a manifesto setting forth four special points that the editor means to urge. First, he wishes to sweep away "the present absurd, cumbersome, unjust and unbusiness-like custom of trial by jury," in place of which he proposes "a permanent court of well paid, intelligent, upright judges, appointed by and subject to the supreme authority of the state or nation." Secondly, he says, "We want a new system of taking the vote in all elections, city, state, and national. . . . The methods of business and legal procedure that did well enough for a nation of two millions of homogeneous people do not serve the interests of sixty millions, made up of all nations, creeds and tongues." Thirdly, the editor means to advocate boards or courts of arbitration to decide disputes between employers and employed. Fourthly, and not least, he says, "We want the absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic as soon as the people are sensible enough to realize that it is, *par excellence*, the curse of the world, the producer of eight-tenths of all the ignorance, poverty, vice and crime that exist in our country." These are brave aims for a newspaper, either weekly or daily, and Mr. Goudie sets them forth in the most uncompromising way.

TOUCHING the mooted point of legalized arbitration and courts for the same in labor disputes, *The Best of Everything* has the following paragraph, which is worthy of thought: "It has always appeared to us as exceedingly strange that we had the power to force our neighbor into court over a dispute in reference to property that might not involve a value of ten cents, and compel him to abide by the decision of the judge or jury before whom we appeared. That we could force him before the same tribunal for a single remark in disparagement

of our character or standing as a citizen, and that he would be compelled to abide whatever penalty the said court might see fit to impose upon him; while thousands of workmen had no court before which they could bring their employer, although the whole living of themselves and little ones were involved in the contest; nor had the employer a tribunal to which he could appeal, no matter how unjust, tyrannical and arbitrary the walking delegate might be. Such a state of affairs is a scandal and reproach to our common sense; it is unbusiness-like and unjust to both employer and employe. Absolute freedom of contract is all very well in its way, but the trouble is, that it never has, does not now, and never will exist in the business and manufacturing world; brute force, in one shape or another, and on one side or the other, has carried the day in almost every dispute which has been decided outside of the law courts."

THE beautiful charity called "The Fresh Air Fund" is now making its first appearance in Chicago. The *Daily News* has undertaken the collection and application of the funds with the co-operation of the officers of the Charity Organization Society, especially the executive care of Secretary W. Alex. Johnson, and the money is coming in handsomely. The object of the charity, as every one knows, is to give poor children and very young children with their mothers the advantage of a visit to the country for some days or weeks. In some places the charity is called The Country Week. Always it is hailed with enthusiasm everywhere, as it deserves to be, and it has done great and beneficent service in Boston, New York, Cincinnati and other places. No doubt it will now become a permanent summer charity in Chicago. The money, as we have said, is forthcoming plentifully. The pressing need now is some families in the country who will receive one or more children for a couple of weeks. Who of our friends living within two hours by railroad of Chicago, willing to take these little ones, will send in their names to W. Alex. Johnson, Sec. of the C. O. S., 116 La Salle Street, Chicago? Time and need presses. Let charitable hearts speak quickly. Fear not. You will find yourselves as much blest as the children. The experience in the east has been that families who thus have opened their doors once have found the experience so delightful that they have been eager to do it and anxious to get the children the next year.

ALREADY we have expressed ourselves carefully, feelingly, loyally, and, we hope, fraternally towards all, on the question of giving back the battle flags. We are sorry to see that a Union soldier who has been serving as a pension examiner in Cincinnati has been turned out of office because in a private party of friends he confessed the same view that we hold. We said a party of friends, but there was present either one loose-tongue or one false friend at least; for the man's opinion was telegraphed to Washington, and his dismissal instantly ordered. On this fact the *American* very justly says that if the offender "had taken any public occasion to denounce Mr. Cleveland's action, his dismissal would have been condoned because of his impropriety. But the private expression of his opinion in moderate terms is something for which a free citizen of a republic is responsible to nobody. It is a distinct attempt to import monarchical ideas into our system, when such an utterance is made the ground for a removal from the public service. On the monarchical theory the official is the personal servant of the sovereign, and must show all the deference which is employed in personal service. In our system he is the servant of the public, and there can be no adequate reason for his removal which does not connect itself with the public interests. The public have an interest in having the chief magistrate treated with proper courtesy by his subordinates on all public occasions. But it is not their interest to have those subordinates coerced into a suppression of their personal opinions, under such penalty as this. And its interests are not served by having any head of department dismiss a subordinate without a hearing, however grave the charges brought against him."

Was It Honest?

In a recent number of the *Critic* appears the following:—

"A knowledge of books, if only of their outsides, is a valuable thing to possess. A well-known bibliophile, browsing in a second-hand bookstall a few weeks ago, picked up a little volume from the ten-cent counter. To the looker-on he showed no excitement, but his heart was beating like a trip-hammer as he slowly put on his spectacles and turned to the title-page of the book. Then he glanced through it leaf by leaf, fumbled about in his pocket for a ten-cent piece, dropped it into the palm of the keeper of the stall, and walked home with the book in his hand: he couldn't trust it to his pocket. When he got to the little room where he lodges, he sat down and again turned the pages carefully. This time he was alone, so he could let a smile of satisfaction play without restraint upon his face, and his gray eyes twinkled brightly through his spectacles. He kept the book all night to gloat over, and the next day sold it to a wealthy bibliophile for \$500!

Was it honest? We confess we think it dishonest, and dishonesty of just so much the more sad and blameworthy kind as it is connected with the domains of thought, literature, and scholarship, where, if any where, honest dealing should find especial fellowship and be cherished most carefully. Yet we have reason to know that this act is no isolated case. We remember being confounded years ago when a very eminent scholar in this country told us, with a triumphant laugh, of his purchase of a copy of Wetstein's New Testament. That is a rare book, selling, when found at all, for about \$30; yet this scholar happening to light on a copy whose owner was ignorant of its value, carried it off for \$7, gloating over his bargain. Again we ask, Was it honest? Sometimes the true character of an act will appear most plainly by setting it against its exact opposite,—as foul air, to which we have grown used and insensible, becomes apparent to us when once we get our heads outside of it and draw a deep breath of the pure atmosphere. Beside the foregoing acts, we will place the act of a poor man of which we were informed. He purchased a special book from a dry goods merchant after haggling about the price; but the next day he returned and laying down three shillings on the merchant's desk, said: "I sold the book for more than I thought I could when I beat down your price yesterday; here is your share of it." Now how do the two kinds of acts look against each other? Which is the honest one, the act which each of the two scholars did without scruple, or the act of the poor book-dealer? And from whom ought we to have expected the most enlightened and delicate honesty, from the second-hand book-dealer or from the scholar?

But there is another question about these scholars' act. Was it dignified? Supposing for a moment it be called honest as trade goes, still, was it noble, high-minded? We say No! As to the point of honesty, let traders dispute as they will. We know all about the arguments on the business side. We have been all over the poor, shambling reasoning a hundred times. We have not the space, nor indeed the heart, for it just now. But on the point of the nobility and personal dignity of the act in question, we will spend a word, and say plainly that it is ignoble, undignified and supine, for two strong reasons at least. First, the act which these scholars were guilty of was neither more nor less than the getting of something for nothing; and this is a deed which we have characterized over and over again in *UNITY* as a mean, base, fraudulent thing. We shall say it a hundred times yet! we would like to say it till the air rang with it. If there be a disease with which the world is sicker than it is with that base sickness of trying to get something for nothing, we know not what to name it. It passes us to understand how a man can hold anything in his hand for which he has given no equivalent of any kind, and not only feel happy in having the thing but actually gloat over the fact of having gotten it for nothing.

Secondly, the act of the two scholars was a mean one because it took advantage of ignorance. To wring things from other hands as alert, strong and cunning as our own, has at least some show of credit in it, and even possibly the charm of agile dexterity; but merely to prey on ignorance, as when these two scholars took advantage of their unlettered fellow men, is an act bigger in size but no better in quality, as we

can see, than stealing a blind man's pennies or robbing a cripple. Ah! poor human justice! Many a wretched fellow has gone to prison for an act less mean and more tempted,—yes, and less hurtful to society, than the act which the scholars did, with few men, we fear, to say them nay!

J. V. B.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Experience.

I knew that thou wouldst fail—
Oh! I knew it!
Dost thou recall the day—
Alas! that so I rue it,
And all my heart again doth quail!—
When on thy bosom I did lay
My head, and ask, almost in dream,
This question—What the deepest joy doth seem?
Then answered I—not waiting thee,—
With the still quickness of a dream,
Half thought, half speech, as in a dream—
“My incommunicable bliss
That filleth me is this, is this,
That I love thee.”
But answered thou—
I hear thee now—
“Nay, not so, nay,
But this I say,—
The dearest joy to me
Is to be loved by thee.”
How all my heart in me did quail!
Then I knew that thou wouldst fail.

J. V. B.

The Unitarian Review.

If UNITY before this has not given special mention to the *Unitarian Review* since it passed into the strong hands of Rev. Joseph Henry Allen as editor, it is not because we failed to hail Mr. Allen's editorship in our minds or were insensible to the growing value of the *Review*. But perhaps we are a little glad that we have delayed till now a special article, because we have so noble a number as that for July for our text and occasion. Of Mr. Allen himself we need not speak. His broad and varied scholarship stands among the foremost in the Unitarian fold, and, for that matter, in any fold. His wide mental sympathies bring the man to the aid of the scholar. His peculiar historical training and uncommon power of actually himself living in and reproducing the life of any epoch which he studies, and his previous experience in editing the *Christian Examiner* (the cessation of which we have never ceased to lament as a loss to Unitarian scholarly development),—all these qualifications set the editing of the *Review* in a high place in giving it into his hands. As to the *Review*, we want to say strongly that it is taking on a very noble tone indeed; of which fact the July number is a happy example. It opens with an article by Doctor Hedge on the subject of “Feudal Society”—an article worth studious reading. By way of introduction to a graphic page which we wish to quote, we will say that the article begins with the statement that in history there is properly no beginning, since we can find no time when civil society was absolutely new. Then, if no beginning, so history shows no decline. There has been no halt in the march of humanity, nor even a retreat. If there seem to be an arrest, it is only as the winter seems to arrest vegetation, but really rests, not arrests. Thence, feudalism is not an absolutely new product, but must be studied in its source in the German tribes which overran the Roman empire. By this study the vassalage, the war element, the knights, the peculiar position of woman, which are the salient points of the feudal system, are explained. Doctor Hedge treats interestingly of the separative tendency of the feudal system which spread power broadcast. He says that the king was merely one noble among many, with perhaps more numerous

vassals and a court, but with no more actual power than many of the barons of his realm; and he traces to this tendency the rise of the country in national polity over capital cities, such as Athens, Rome, Sparta, Carthage, of which, in the earlier civilization, the countries were mere dependencies. Chivalry, Doctor Hedge says, was the application of Christianity to the business of arms, associated with the old German reverence for women. Now for the graphic page of details which we wish to quote. Doctor Hedge says that the chivalric life of feudalism is not brilliant on close inspection, but more like theatrical illusions, dispelled by a peep behind the scenes. This he enforces by the following description of the household conveniences and manners. Readers of “Ivanhoe” will recall a similar testimony in that novel, though not so much at length. Doctor Hedge says: “The floor was usually covered with straw or with rushes, not too often renewed, and harboring fragments of food and all manner of impurities. Our fine lady's wardrobe and household appointments, though not wanting in jewels and other splendors for festive seasons, were lamentably deficient in what are now regarded as the necessities of life. She had no stockings to her feet, most likely no cloths to her table, possibly no sheets to her bed. If she had handkerchiefs, the supply was exceedingly limited, consisting of one or two for state occasions, and none for common use. She had no accommodations for sitting in her bower, except perhaps a stone seat in the embrasure of the window and her bed. Chairs were unknown. At meals the company sat on rude wooden benches around coarse wooden tables. Waiters were abundant, but the table furniture was scanty and vile to a degree very shocking to modern sensibility. A few pieces of plate, hereditary or plundered, graced the tables of the wealthy; but the dishes were mostly wooden trays, and the plates or trenchers were of the same material. The custom of a plate to each person was a luxury undreamed of. One plate for two was the utmost allowance; and, at festive entertainments, the gallantry of the age contrived to couple the sexes, so that each gentleman should share his plate with a lady. In the novel of “Launcelot du Lac,” a lady whom her jealous husband had compelled to dine in the kitchen complains that it is a very long time since any knight has eaten off the same plate with her. Gentleman and lady have a plate between them, but no fork. The fork is altogether a modern invention. Knightly and fair fingers came into primary relations with boiled and roast,—a fashion more primitive than nice, especially when we add the absence of napkins.”

In concluding the article Dr. Hedge says nobly: “The conditions may change, but the problem of life is ever the same. In every age, the problem for the individual is how to make the most of a day,—to fill up the given mould of existence with an adequate flow of conscious life. . . . Historic progress is not of men, but of man. Individuals are relatively no wiser and no better from age to age; but humanity advances all the while with sure and steady pace.” But we hope and think that if there be no wiser individuals than in the old times, yet surely there are a greater number of wise ones.

The article by Rev. C. F. Dole on “The Voluntary System in the Support of Churches,” is not only very interesting and very well done, but of a high nobility of tone. What a ring for truth and fellowship has the following: “In a church, all are supporters together according to their means, and all are equal beneficiaries. Neither, again, is it a true church when you gather the rich by themselves, howsoever you contrive by subtle barriers to exclude the poor, or however you contribute to support a mission church around the corner. A fashionable church! What would Jesus Christ have thought of such an anomaly? As though he ever contemplated any church that was not the expression of the missionary spirit! A church of the respectable! What respect would Jesus have had for its smooth self-complacency?”

Other articles we must pass over for lack of space, just expressing our pleasure in the broad-minded editorial article on the “Western Opportunity,” in which Mr. Allen says plainly that the western opportunity for a high and and pure religion

is not to be judged "by anything we have known of theological motives and controversies familiar to us in older communities." We wish to say a warm word, though we have but a little space left, for the department of the *Review* called "The Editor's Note Book." This is distinguished in this number, as we have had occasion to observe in other numbers, by the widest and most heart-felt devotion to humane causes and questions. Mr. Allen discusses in, to us, a very wise and impressive manner, the appalling facts which he groups under the title "Crime as a Political Factor." Also there is a discussion of fresh aspects of the labor question called out by sundry books, the most notable being the recent translation of Karl Marx. Following this is a discussion longer still, and very interesting for facts as well as wise in views and warm in spirit, entitled "Industrial Arbitration." From this editorial department we quote the following concerning such facts as the crimes in Ireland and among our own anarchists: "However we judge the particular case, the fact that strikes sharpest is the existence of crime, ferocious and sanguinary, unaccompanied by any sense of guilt. It is like the horror of a battlefield, where the furious effort to maim and kill is unchecked by mercy or remorse,—unimpelled, too, by personal animosity or hate, so that, the battle over, each is equally eager to bind up the other's wounds. It is, in a way, one deep mystery of our moral nature; but, in another way, it is a fact that meets us under all sorts of disguises and at every turn. Whether in war, or in party politics, or in the social struggle, men continually do or consent to deeds which as private acts they shrink from and abhor. 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?' But he will do it at the very next bidding of a party leader, in the next emergency that gives him a pretext for casting off his private sense of right in favor of what has the sanction of political antipathy and passion." We would like to quote more, especially from the discussion of Arbitration, but have no space. The *Review* ends with its departments of "Critical Theology" and "Literary Criticism," of which we need not speak. If the *Review* goes on like this—and why should it not in Mr. Allen's hands?—it will go through deep seas and leave a shining wake. It ought to be in all Unitarian households; to help which distribution, so far as we have influence, is one reason for this article, but a still greater reason is our delight in the tone and power of the *Review*.

J. V. B.

Kitchen Windows.

Sure, ma'am, I could niver engage to ye; the kitchen is too small for me comfort at all and intirely." With this, my girl, with recommendations from a dozen last employers, majestically departed.

That my kitchen was small had not before ever suggested itself to me, although I had worked in it many a month. So it happened that Miss Bridget O'Hauty-Tauty's words set me thinking.

Much of my work in the kitchen is done either by the window or the open door; and as I live in an up-stairs flat, my window and door give me a good long look far down the street. As I look out I see two trees, an aspen and a cottonwood. Very early in the season the first delicate green of the new foliage steals over my trees; and the summer through they wave and nod in a friendly way. They seem to scrub and rub with me, and to iron and bake. They shake and rustle and grow green and full, until at last the fall winds strip them; then the graceful network of branches seems penciled against the sky like some beautiful arabesque on the front of heaven's blue portal.

As I sit at my ironing-table in hot summer days, it is no fancy, real coolness comes over to me from those two trees, a block away,—coolness and peace and quiet pleasure, borne on the subtle lines of that great invisible, intangible something we call spirit, which links the farthest star to the tiniest speck in space.

So I say my kitchen is not small to me, because in at my door or my window comes the joy and beauty of the forest, the bigness of the sky, the out-doorness of the world.

Places are small or big but relatively. It is always well to have windows to scrub as well as kitchens. How we should pity or else laugh at a man who should shut himself up in a cave and complain at want of sunshine and space!

Some of us women do that same thing. We get surrounded by our work, shut in; and leaving out the windows, the work which might have been joy and beauty becomes toil and drudgery.

Besides the trees, my kitchen has a fine outlook to the very tall chimney of the Cook County Hospital. From this chimney often rolls up a billowy mass of smoke. It goes with the wind, sometimes rolling quietly and majestically upward, or again curvetting and dividing, chased about like great playboys. Sometimes, as the sun goes down, the cloud of smoke rises into the blue sky all tinged with fire, a fit pathway for Apollo's sun-steeds, and one over which dewy Iris might speed in lack of a rainbow.

From this same little kitchen I see the ice men going their rounds, leaving the crystal winter; I see the banana men trundling their carts; the apple men and vegetable men, the newsboys, the fish man, the balloon man, the popcorn man, with his musical cadence, these and many more I seem to receive as friends of toil.

I see the back yards fill with the clean washed clothes; I see into people's morning lives; I see children at play, their blessed play, and they climb into the broken cart in the alley, and supply its missing wheel with my ash barrel, and they climb the telegraph poles and ride the fence, and scream and laugh, and wherever their young fresh play goes on, the world, whether park or alley, seems fresh and sweet to live in.

Meanwhile the birds fly in and out on my little porch; and I—I iron, or bake, or something else, and I do it feeling the kitchen to be large and roomy for the blessed largeness of the world.

But there are dearer and sweeter helps than these of the tree or the bird or the rolling smoke,—they are the helps of happy thoughts. It is wonderful how beautiful things are; a weed reveals divinity; the speck of dirt has in it the elements of sun and stars and cloud tints, and the blood that pulses in the warm heart of man.

But what is all this beauty of the beautifulness about us, when so much more is the beauty and joy and blessedness of love? Who of us so poor as not to have this wealth? What kitchen so little that love cannot enter? What "mind-cure" like the wondrous cure of love? How glorious all things become, how transmuted in the alchemy of love!

Do you call it scrubbing? It is making the dear one's home white. The work we do for love is something more than work. It is blessedness.

The world is so large, so beautiful, so full of possibility for love and service! It is very sad to miss its blessed largeness. But we do miss it if we get shut into a kitchen, or a parlor, a calling of any sort, and leave out the windows. We miss it if we even get shut into our own homes, however lovely they are, for the world is God's home, and He only comes in to us as we go out to Him in the bigger home of the lives around us. Then how grand life grows, how large our little part, large because touching the all.

How ready are hearts for hearts! and hands for hands! How a kind word, a loving look, a gentle sympathy, calls out love and cheer and blessing! How lovely people are! How good! I thank God each blessed day of life, not for health, nor home, nor wealth, nor poverty, nor all else so much, so deeply, so joyfully, as that we all have one another.

GRACE CURTIS.

From Jerusalem.

Our friend Mr. B. B. Wiley, of the Third church of this city, has had an interesting letter from a friend in Jerusalem, who with his wife removed to the ancient holy city some years ago in the belief that he was led and directed to do so, and that it was the spot of earth where they best could live a religious life. We found it a novel pleasure to see this epistle, straight from Jerusalem. We asked the privilege of printing the following passage:

"Our life flows on very peacefully and joyfully. Our household, consisting, with the children, of about twenty-five persons, is a wondrously united and happy one. From what has been already stated, you will see that we are not here as missionaries or 'teachers' or anything of that kind, but you will also be sure that in the midst of such a population as that which makes up Jerusalem there are abundant opportunities of ministering in every way to others, if there exists the heart to do it.

"Our house constitutes a kind of common meeting place for all classes—we make no differences—all are welcome. Not a day passes without many visitors. There is scarcely an evening in which there are not from five to twenty Mohammedans—of every class, from shepherds in sheep-skins to Effendis—visiting in the salon. Each Sunday many Greeks and Protestants come to see us. Every Saturday, for nearly four years, Jews have come (rarely less than fifty—sometimes over two hundred—last Saturday there were more than a hundred and sixty) to hear us sing. We make no attempts to proselyte among any class—we distribute no tracts—we begin no discussions. But we are known to be Christians, and if there is anything in the life they see lived in our house, in the words spoken, the treatment received, which attracts, Christ has the praise. The most powerful sermons, we find, are not the spoken, but the *lived* ones.

"Among all these classes, Mohammedans, Jews, Greeks, Catholics, Copts, Protestants, we have many friends, who never tire in manifestations of friendliness and affection. Never a night passes in which fellaheen (*i.e.*, peasantry from the villages) do not make our house a stopping place. We have a guest chamber for them, and give them their supper. They often show their appreciation of it in little gifts—a few dry figs, flowers, nuts, etc.,—and when we return their visits and go to their villages, as we sometimes do, there is nothing they have which is too good for us.

"Jerusalem has greatly changed in appearance since we have been here, now almost six years. A very large amount of building is constantly going on, in large part for the accommodation of the constantly incoming Jews. A majority of the 45,000 people in Jerusalem are now Jews. The Latins (Catholics) and Greeks are always prosecuting great building enterprises—churches, schools, hospitals, and hospices for the accommodation of pilgrims. The Greeks, backed by the Russian government, and the Latins, are each, with desperate energy and great outlays, seeking to obtain a preponderating *plant* and hold upon this land."

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Humboldt Library. J. Fitzgerald, Publisher, New York.

The number for April is devoted to two papers by Herbert Spencer, entitled, "The Genesis of Science" and "The Coming of Age of the 'Origin of Species.'" For May the contents is fourteen papers by Richard A. Proctor beginning with "Notes on Earthquakes," and treating such subjects as "Photographing Fifteen Million Stars," "The Story of the Moon," "The Falls of Niagara," "Sun Worship," "Science and Politics," "Parents and Children." The last named discusses the law of heredity in its relation to the training of children. The Humboldt Library is one of the most excellent of publications. It is an excellent idea thus to publish from month to month, at \$1.50 a year or fifteen cents a number, pamphlets of 40 to 50 pages which have not the varied and often salad-like character of an ordinary magazine, but consist of real treatises or else of a collection of articles all bearing on one topic or on one kind of subject. For example, number 22 consists of a treatise 47 pages long, by the lamented Professor Clifford, on "Seeing and Thinking," with the following table of contents: "The Eye and the Brain," "The Eye and Seeing," "The Brain and Thinking," "Of Boundaries in General." Number 65 has articles by the same author on some of the "Conditions of Mental Development," "Aims and Instruments of Scientific Thought," "A Lecture on Atoms," "The First and Last Catastrophe." Number 88 gives a paper on "Science and Crime," by Andrew Wilson,

and adds sundry scientific articles such as "About Kangaroos," "On Giants," "Leaves," etc. Examples of entire treatises are given by numbers 46 and 52, which are works by Ribot of great interest, one on "The Diseases of the Will," the other on "The Diseases of the Memory." The work on the Will treats of its impairment by lack of impulsion and by excessive impulsion; of the impairment of voluntary attention; of the realm of caprice; and of the utter extinction of will. The work on Memory treats of its subject as a biological fact; of general amnesia, which means forgetfulness; of partial amnesia; of exaltation of amnesia, learnedly called hypermnesia. The last chapter treats of the relations of memory to nutrition, circulation, quantity and quality of the blood, etc. Examples of treatises of a different kind are given in numbers 67 and 72, both by Dr. Hecker: "The History of the Black Death," the deadly pestilence in Europe in the fourteenth century, and "The Dancing Mania of the Middle Ages." Each issue of the Humboldt Library has a good table of contents at the end. We repeat that such an enterprise does excellent service for thoughtful readers.

P. Terenti Afri Adelphæ. Text with Stage Directions. By Henry Preble, Tutor of Latin and Greek, Harvard College. Boston: Ginn & Co.

This is the Latin text of this witty play of Terence, with the stage directions in English. As the Latin poet has not condescended to give the directions himself, after the manner of modern playwrights, the directions added by a scholar have all the force of explanatory notes, and make the play vivid to the reader's imagination, and also plain where it would be blind or difficult. We quote the opening stage direction, which is the longest and sets forth the scene clearly: "Scene—street in Athens. Back of stage represents two adjoining houses. The larger, to the right of the spectators, belongs to Micio, and has a large door near the center of the stage and a smaller door to the right. The smaller house to the left is Sostra's, and has but one door. The street leads on the left to the harbor, and on the right to the Forum (market-place, Agora); a lane also on the right, but towards the rear leads to the country. There is also a lane on the left. In the middle of the stage an altar. Enter Micio from the front door of his house. Calls as he comes out: "Storax! (No answer. Soliloquizes). Non rediit hac nocte a Cena Æschinus," etc. The play is thickly strewn with directions which show the action and the connection of the speeches, such as "Pauses a moment," "Aside to spectators," "Threateningly," "Parmeno takes position by Sannio," "Parmeno strikes Sannio," "Soliloquizes, not noticing the others," etc., etc. At the beginning of act second stands the following: "Sannio rushes in from the market-place pursued by Æschinus with Bacchis, and followed by the slaves (Storax, Parmeno, etc.)." These examples show with what vivacity the play is helped for the reader by such directions. A table of metres is appended.

Poetry as a Representative Art. By George Lansing Raymond, L. H. D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

This is a solid, careful book of 350 pages, which is truly characterized by its title, and yet not completely. It is the author's aim throughout to show that poetry, being an expression of thought by various qualities of sound, including rhythm, must use verbal expression in such manner as not merely to utter the thought in words, but furthermore to represent or express it in the sounds and movements of the lines. This thesis the author develops in 18 chapters on such topics as "Poetry and Primitive Language," "Force as the Source and Interpreter of Poetic Measures," "The Sacrifice of Sense to Sound," "Meanings of Words as Developed by Association and Comparison," "Poetic and Unpoetic Words," "Prose and Poetry; Presentation and Representation in its Various Forms," "Pure Representation in the Poetry of Homer," "Representation in Poems Considered as Wholes," "The Useful Ends of Poetic Representation." The author illustrates with a wealth of poetic examples, ancient and modern. The following quotations, from the middle of the

book, will allow the author to express the purposes of the volume in his own words: "The theory underlying all that has been said thus far is, that poetry is an artistic development of language; its versification of the pauses of natural breathing; its rhythm and tune of the accents and inflections of ordinary conversation; and the significance in its sounds of ejaculatory and imitative methods actuating the very earliest efforts of our race at verbal expression. The inference suggested has been that these effects produced by sound are legitimate in poetry because, like language, and as a part of it, and far more significantly than some forms of it, they represent thought." . . . "No effects produced by sound are legitimate in poetry, which fail in any degree to represent thought." (p. 150). "It is because of the exceeding difficulty of perfectly adjusting sound to thought and thought to sound till, like perfectly attuned strings of a perfect instrument, both strike together in all cases so as to form a single chord of a perfect harmony, that there are so few great poets." (p. 151.) The following judgment is interesting: "It is doubtful whether, amid all eulogy and abuse which have greeted all the works of Robert Browning, any one, in private or in print, has ever told him plainly what those faults are—all so easy to correct—but for which the man with the greatest poetic mind of the age would be—what now he is not—its greatest poet." (p. 171). We have read this book through slowly, for it is a book to study. This is the same as saying that no real justice to it can be done in a little notice. The book is worthy of an extended analytical review. Any one who will study it carefully will find himself better furnished to enjoy the masterpieces of poetry.

J. V. B.

Waste-Land Wanderings. By Charles C. Abbott, M.D. New York: Harper & Bros. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

This volume of 312 pages is written in the same entertaining style as the author's "Upland and Meadow," but is a description of his wanderings on Crosswicks Creek instead of Poëtuquissings. The book is divided into nine chapters, having as titles the names of the different parts of the explored creek,—like "At Linden Bend," "Watson's Crossing," "Dead Willow Bend," "The Twin Islands," "The Landing," etc. Each chapter is divided into many smaller heads, as, for example, in chapter VII under the general title of "Mill Creek," are "A Lonely Sand-piper; Tree-climbing, its Merits and Disadvantages; Wood-tattlers, a Nest of these Birds destroyed by a Bull-frog; Meadow-mice; Bush-nests of White-footed Mice; Etheostomoids; Mythical Fish described by Early Writers; Bill-fish; Sudden Changes of the Weather." And in chapter VIII he speaks of "Cowpen-birds; Early Navigation of Crosswicks Creek; Snowy Owls; Golden Club; Traces of Indian Occupation of the Place; Velvet Ant; Burrows of Animals; Food of Eels," etc. The author apparently has a poor opinion of the naturalists of olden times, for after showing the unworthiness of many of the old sayings about the weather, he says: "It may be rash to say that meteorological science can gain nothing from scientific observation of animal life; but the character of the weather-lore that has been handed down from father to son for the past two centuries plainly indicates that the observations which gave rise to them were anything but scientific in character. Mankind now, as formerly, may be close observers of Nature, but this does not imply that they are accurate observers. . . . The simple and sad fact derived from a study of local animal weather-lore is that, in the days of our grandfathers, painstaking naturalists were few and far between." Mr. Abbott has the quick eye of the true naturalist, and sees many things that an ordinary observer would pass. For this he has been censured, and he replies: "It is true, sights and sounds crowd upon each other till I am bewildered. Could I have seen less, I should have learned more. I have never dared to recount the adventures of a single day. The sleepiest twenty-four hours of the year is more exciting than a battle-field, if one has the will to use his eyes and ears. I have seen too much. Alas! it is the one fact that saddens me, wherever I ramble." At the back of the book is a very thorough index, covering some ten pages, printed in double columns. The book is neatly bound and

well printed. It is a work which will be welcomed by all lovers of Nature, and it should find a place in every school library.

The Art of Reading Latin. How to Teach It. Boston: Ginn & Co.

A little pamphlet with the above title has been lately put forth by W. G. Hale, professor of Latin in Cornell university. The pamphlet is not much larger than a common almanac, and yet so full of excellence, so ripe in thought and suggestions concerning the teaching of Latin, that, were its size to be measured by its worth it would be a ponderous tome.

Very briefly, but very clearly, Professor Hale shows that as Latin is usually taught it is and ever must be a dead language. This usual method is laboriously and with much torture, at length to enable the student of Latin to manage to turn a good Latin sentence into a poor English one. Mr. Hale proposes to have a scholar read Latin just as a Roman youth would have done, to accustom himself to the construction and arrangement of sentence, and to bend to Latin form. He shows the folly of the common rule. "First find the subject, then the predicate." Mr. Hale would leave the Latin as it is, and train the scholar to read it in its own order, in true Latinity. He gives many examples of class exercises, so suggestive that it is hard to praise them too much. They show plainly that teachers have it in their power, by right methods, to enable their pupils to acquire ready command of Latin.

Professor Hale says, that at the end of two years' work he finds it practicable for the class to devote itself to study of the Latin literature without translation into English.

In this way it is easy to see that the life and soul of the text is left in,—and in no other way can it be. Laboriously to translate Cicero's orations, or anything else Latin, into pure English is to destroy its meaning and the student's appreciation.

If Latin study is to be a hapless meandering hither and thither through the Latin sentence to capture a subject and ever fleeing predicate, and then the proper modifiers, until, at last, the train is coupled and on its true English track, surely it would be better to drop it. From some experience in teaching Latin we know that students become interested in the language in the measure that they succeed in dropping their own tongue and following the author in Latin without the intervention of English.

G. C.

THE HOME.

A Youthful Contractor.

Last summer there came to our house a young gentleman from the newsboy rank of life who had reached the mature age of ten years, and went by the name of Jim. Jim persuaded my little boy, aged eight, that he had found an excellent opening for a young man, that fitted exactly the abilities of my son. He thought it would yield him money enough to tide him over till Christmas, if he was frugal. Of course such an opportunity was not to be refused, so without consulting any of the family, my boy joined his new-found friend in walking down to Washington Park, two miles away, on one of the big race days. On reaching there Jim gave him a horse to hold, while he himself looked up a few more innocents. Jim finally secured six more, and engaged them on the same liberal promises. He placed each one of them at the head of a horse, and there among more than a hundred restless, fly-bitten, stamping creatures, these little fellows stayed at their task until the last race had been run, and the sun had gone down the horizon. Then as fast as the owners came for their steeds, each little chap received from Jim the magnificent sum of five cents, and they two miles from home. Their young contractor received six dollars for the thirty-five cents he paid out. This transaction certainly gives promise of a financial genius, which if not prematurely nipped, will dim the fires of no less a personage than Jay Gould himself.

S. A.

As a Boy.

"When I was a boy," the grandsire said
To the bright lad by his knee,
"Of the victors crowned with fame, I read,
Who triumphed on land and sea!
And through the years, from the deathless page,
A summons has sounded long;
To youth, and manhood, and hoary age,
The message is this: 'Be strong!'"

"When I was a boy——" he paused and said
To the listener by his knee,
"Of the men who were as lights I read
In a dark world's history!
They prized the truth and were loved of God,
And no fear of man they knew:
And still, from the glorious heights they trod,
The message was this: 'Be true!'" —Quiver.

A San Francisco Flower.

A certain wise man was strolling among the hills just outside of 'Frisco, somewhere about the first of this very April. Suddenly he paused and looked intently at a little flower at his feet. It was a tiny yellow blossom, star-shaped, and similar to a thousand others that swarmed over the hills; but it differed from the others in this, that the tips of its petals were pure white, as though they had been dipped into some bleaching acid. Looking more intently, he found others like it scattered down the hill-side.

Now you or I, no doubt, would have marvelled for a moment, and would then have passed on and forgotten about so trifling a fact as the variation of color in a wild flower. But this man, being so much wiser than you or I, only smiled to himself and said: "I will ask one of these curious little blossoms what this means."

So he bent over one of them and questioned it (for he that will, may understand all that the grasses and flowers say, if he only keeps on asking questions, and then listens with patience and tender interest for their answers). And just what was said, I will tell you, for he told it to me to-day.

"We plants," began the little flower, "we plants have our living to make for ourselves and our children, just as you human beings have, and these gay petals are the advertisements we hang out, to invite our customers to call. You don't understand? You mean that you have forgotten—for so wise a man as you surely knows the main business of a flower, and the names of its customers?"

"Seed-making and honey-making, you say, are the two kinds of business that every flower transacts or tries to transact? Right. The seeds, you see, are our children; and, like a wise parent, every plant works hard to equip its children well in one way or the other, before they start out for themselves.

"Now, one of the best legacies a plant can ever bequeath to its children is a healthy constitution. And, to secure this, the pollen grains which fertilize the flower and make the ovules at the base develop into seeds, must not come from the same flower as the one containing the ovules, or the seeds are likely to be small and weak. These pollen grains, holding as they do the fertilizing principle, must come from some other flower on the same plant, or better still, from another plant of the same species, growing under widely different conditions, perhaps a mile away.

"How shall this be secured? By the wind blowing the pollen dust about from one flower to another? Yes, that is one way. But we plants have learned a still safer and surer method, and that is to send the pollen in charge of certain individuals who act as traders between flower and flower, unloading and re-loading at every stopping-place." These are the bees who in stopping to get honey, carry away on their wings and legs this pollen dust and mix it with that of the next flower they visit.—I. C. Craddock, in the Kindergarten.

ESSAYS OF JAMES VILA BLAKE.

SUBJECTS:—Choice, Faculty, Public Education, Happiness and Time, Vainglory, Luck, Seeing Good Things, Side Lights of Intelligence, Individuality, Questions of Heroism, Praising, Censure, Flattery, Government, Handwriting, Knowledge, Meditation, Common Sense, Requital, Anger, Judgment of Others, Patience, Enemies, Immortal Life, Death, Emergency, Conscience Character as a Work, Superiority.

The volume of this [gnomic] wisdom is properly the world's Bible, and every sentence, every fragment of it is precious beyond price. Mr. Blake has given us in this little book the condensed result of the thought of his best hours—hours spent, and a great many of them, in study, reflection, observation, calm, careful meditation upon the great problems of life and of being. The fruit is a rare work of wisdom; a neat volume full to the brim of enrichment, suggestion, stimulus; a very encheiridion, a vademecum to carry amid all passages, the varied experiences and exposures of our earthly life. Every one will find something here to feed upon, pemmican to carry for the waste and solitary places in his journey—song of conquest, notes of the battle cry for successful conflict and victory.—Charles D. B. Mills in Unity.

The essays of Mr. Blake will surprise and delight all lovers of good English prose. He has made a contribution of lasting value to our literature in a form so condensed and so original as to inevitably attract and hold the attention of thoughtful readers. One is reminded not only by the brevity of these essays, but by the cast and mould of the sentences, and the plain, fine, discriminating language, of Bacon's condensed wit and sense. The quaint, clear English, like that which has come down to us from other days, is, however, the only thing in the book that is not modern. This writer reflects the culture of to-day. He respects individuality; he is humane; he is not afraid of the truth; he believes in the future, and that justice and mercy must prevail.—Chicago Tribune.

The quality of these essays which impresses us throughout is one for which we can find no better word than charm. There is something in their manner which is pleasing and delightful to a very high degree. Their quaintness, their archaic simplicity of manner and turn of phrase, have much to do with this. Very likely a critic here and there will say that the style is artificial and affected, but if the impeachment cannot be denied, it is certain that the artificiality is agreeable, and the affectation wonderfully pleasant. We do not imagine that Mr. Blake has chosen any of the great essayists for a model. But it is evident that, like all the essayists, he is a lover of his kind, that he has read them carefully and lovingly; and some of the colors from their palettes have been floated off upon his own. Perhaps it is Bacon more than any other who is subtly echoed here and there. But Mr. Blake is a lover of them all, and quotes from them with generous admiration. Nor has he hesitated, in two or three instances, to revert to subjects which the genius of Bacon has already touched and beautified—praise, anger, death, vainglory. It would be a daring thing to say that Mr. Blake's essays on these subjects are much better than those of "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," but "a consensus of the competent" would probably assign to them a greater value relatively to the needs and problems of the present time.—The Index.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Pundita Ramahai at Normal Park.—

A notice that the Pundita Ramahai would speak on the condition of women in India summoned us to the hall of the Cook County Normal School on Friday last. The hall was well filled with an interested audience, and the brave little woman, wrapped in the white mantle of the Orient, made a moving plea for the 120,000,000 of Hindu women who are kept in dense ignorance and superstition. The priests tell them that they are wholly foul; that their lips are too unclean to pronounce the sacred texts, and so the knowledge of their scriptures is forbidden them. The husband even risks the salvation of his soul if he loves his wife too tenderly. The woman is taught to worship the man and obey him in all things. No matter how vile his character, her obligation remains the same. When she asks for education and wider opportunities of usefulness, Ramahai told us with suppressed mirth that the men borrowed reasons from England and America, and told them that they had not brains enough to study the difficult things that men learn; that they had not the physical strength to endure education; and lastly that they were such pure, beautiful angels that men couldn't endure to have them polluted with the knowledge that education would bring.

If they are sick it is forbidden them to tell their symptoms to a man doctor, and alas there are no women physicians! So the sick Hindu woman must struggle with disease unaided, must even die modestly and respectably rather than violate the proprieties of Hindu society. About 200,000 Hindu women have received instruction in the schools which have been established by the English government; but the school age of girls is only two years, from six to eight, or from eight to ten. At about this age the little girls are married and go to live with their mothers-in-law. The schools are taught by women who are themselves densely ignorant, and whose methods of instruction are of the most primitive character. The Pundita herself had never attended one of these schools, and said she felt sure that if she had she would have lost what little intellect she possessed. But the Pundita's intellect is by no means small. She is clear-headed, earnest, courageous. Heir of untold generations of ignorance and superstition, she illustrates the liberating power of education, and it is such emancipation she seeks for her countrywomen. "Educate them," she says, "and they cannot be kept slaves as they now are." Her purpose in coming to this country

is to raise the sum of \$70,000 to establish a school for high caste Hindu widows. These widows, it must be remembered, are many of them the merest children. High caste widows are never permitted to marry the second time, but are condemned to lives of the most deplorable wretchedness and oppression. The effort of this heroic woman to emancipate these victims of superstition and barbarous custom, and lift them into lives of usefulness and independence, is one which ought to meet a warm response from every American woman. It ought not to take long to raise the \$70,000. The Pundita has written a book on "High Caste Women in India," which she desires to sell for the benefit of her proposed school. Price \$1.25. Miss Frances Willard, of Evanston, will supply the book to all who will remit to her the price. In Boston a public meeting has been held and a committee appointed to aid the Pundita in her gracious work. L. E.

Hinsdale.—On Sunday, July 17, the pulpit of Unity church, Hinsdale, was filled by J. R. Effinger, Secretary of the Western Conference. At the close of the services the congregation were requested to remain a few minutes to hear a letter received from Rev. W. C. Gannett, accepting the invitation extended to him by the society some weeks since to become its pastor for the ensuing year. This communication was received by the people with great satisfaction. UNITY congratulates the young church on securing an able and consecrated minister and congratulates the minister on the warm hearts and ready hands that await his coming in September.

Englewood, Ill.—The pulpit of the Universalist church—Miss Kolloch's—was filled on Sunday, July 24, by Mrs. J. R. Effinger. After the service a bright Sunday-school gathered in the vestry, one hundred and twenty attending. This church gains steadily in numbers and influence. The American Unitarian Association Hymn and Tune book is used up stairs, and "The Carol" down stairs. Unitarians and Universalists dwell together here in unity.

Buffalo Prairie, Ill.—Last month it was Princeton reporting a Sunday Circle organized. This month another hand is held up in Rock Island county, a new center, organized through the direct agency of the Post-Office Mission, under the lead of an interested layman. Meetings every week and a Sunday-school already started. The western secretary goes down to see them next week, and will report further on his return. Shall we not have one such movement reported each month of the present conference year? Next!

Des Moines, Iowa.—Rev. Ida C. Hultin, of Des Moines, passed through the city last week en route for Sherwood, Mich., which will be her address during the month of August. She proposes to preach at several points during her vacation.

Boston Notes.—At the grove meeting at Weirs, N. H., the National Bureau of the Unity clubs was accepted as a useful organization. Several clubs joined on the spot. Your Brother Jones and our Brother Bodge and Brother Beane explained its proposed methods and its value. Two hat collections were made to aid its start. Several Unity leaflets were planned, and it was thought well soon to make lists of home readings in liberal Christianity, in history and in poetry. About three hundred visitors were in daily attendance in the grove. Fifteen hundred listened on Sunday to the sermons of Rev. M. J. Savage and Brooke Herford. The cordiality of the New Hampshire brothers and sisters made visitors feel at ease and in a mood to enjoy the lake and hill scenery of Weirs. The conference meeting at parting on Sunday evening was full of glowing enthusiasm.

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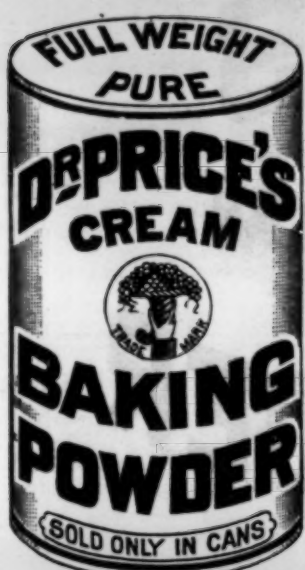
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